Erotic Design: The Prequel

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/822209.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Non-Graphic Violence, Slash, Hannigraham - Freeform, Hannigram - Freeform, S'mores, UST, Manipulative!Hannibal, funny!Hannibal
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Erotic Design
Stats:	Published: 2013-05-29 Words: 8,347 Chapters: 2/2

Erotic Design: The Prequel

by Jenetica

Summary

Hannibal very rarely denied himself things he wanted. So, when he realized that he wanted Will Graham, his almost-patient with an incredible gift to see into the minds of criminal masterminds, he concocted a plan. A plan that would change their relationship forever.

Prequel to my other work, Erotic Design... as made obvious by the title. I'm not good at naming things.

Notes

Hello, everyone! If you haven't read Erotic Design, I do recommend it because it sets the stage for this story, but this fic can be read alone.

This prequel is written in two chapters. The first is rated hard T, light M for light descriptions of violence, language, and sexual tension. The second chapter is rated E for smutty smut. In fact, it is ONLY smut, so if you're not interested in plot and you just want porn, skip ahead. I won't mind.

See the end of the work for more notes

The Plot

It all started, ironically, when Hannibal first sniffed at Will. It was awkward, especially for the young criminologist, but Hannibal was simply overcome by a strange urge to *know*.

He was disappointed. Will aftershave was cheap and overly woodsy without a sweet undertone to soften it. Despite all indicators otherwise, he had hoped that Will took the time and effort to surround himself with pleasantness. When Hannibal realized that this was not the case, an inkling of a plan was hatched.

Hannibal had rarely been one to care for others. He was young when the Hilfswillige brutally destroyed his family, and it was all the impetus he needed to never care again. For decades, he lived a life of splendor and comfort, killing the disgraces of humanity and feasting on their insides so their worth might be increased by his consumption of them.

Humanity was a cesspool of sin and depravity, one that Hannibal believed was different from animals in only one respect: humans were the sweeter white meat.

He hadn't cared in many years, but he was beginning to again for a young, passionate criminologist with the most extraordinary mind Hannibal had ever seen. Will Graham, a thin mess of bones and insecurity, could see perfectly into the mind of the most depraved of human souls. Where Hannibal studied and analyzed, Will felt and experienced. Through Will's eyes, Hannibal learned the nature of psychosis and moral instability.

He learned about himself.

The case of the Chesapeake Ripper was the only case that confounded Will. Most murderers had minds like rooms, he explained: easy to open the door and walk through. The Chesapeake Ripper, however, was like a fortress where every room of the hundreds was guarded with an enigma. Will could solve enough puzzles to get to the foyer, as his analogy went, but he could do no more than gaze at the wings of hallways of complexities with astonished and disturbed eyes.

Will was able to explain all this, in harsh and ineloquent terms, and it amazed Hannibal. He was proud, on one level, for conducting his crimes in such a way that even the most brilliant profiler in the world could not decipher his mentality. But Hannibal's feelings ran deeper than that: he was fascinated by this young man. He was the complete opposite of Hannibal in that he cared *too* much. His gifts wrecked him, so that he could neither sleep nor think without the nightmares of his gift tormenting his every move. Will spoke of hallucinations so vivid that he couldn't rest for fear of unconsciously becoming the individuals he profiled. Hannibal, on the other hand, relished the beauty of immorality because he couldn't muster up enough feelings to feel differently.

They were also the same in certain ways, however. Both were distanced from humanity because their psychologies were incompatible with society. Both ventured into the human psyche for a living. Both knew the mind of a psychopath, though Will's perception was second-hand while Hannibal's was not.

Will could understand Hannibal, but he needed the keys to the locks of the fortress of Hannibal's mind.

Will's cheap cologne inspired Hannibal to become a locksmith.

The plan itself was simple enough: reveal himself to Will. It was its execution that provided a real challenge. Hannibal wanted to craft a trail of murders, each designed to unlock a door for Will, until the profiler was forced to recognize his psychiatrist as a serial killer.

The first murder was very carefully considered. Hannibal took his time with it; he wanted to subtly change his pattern in such a way that it bothered Will, it didn't make sense and it lingered in him somehow.

Easier said than done.

It took Hannibal a few weeks to figure out what kind of push would make Will squirm and, funnily enough, it was Will himself that sparked the idea.

Hannibal had invited the man over for dinner. Well, Will had shown up when Hannibal was cooking dinner so Hannibal made a second plate, but that was irrelevant. Hannibal had made a spicy meal that night: Knockwurst made from plumber in a rich chili sauce with rosemary basil pierogies and a cucumber beet salad. It was a simple meal, really, but Hannibal had been craving hearty German food, and he had extra plumber to spare.

Will had helped cook in his usual absent-minded way, stirring a pot here and taste-testing there. Nothing had been out of the ordinary until they sat to eat, and Will had tasted his first pierogie. His enjoyment of them would not have been obvious to a layman, but Hannibal had been seeing him for months. Will *loved* the pierogies.

"Do these have rosemary in them?" he had asked, taking two more of the pastries.

And there it was, Hannibal's push, the change he needed for this murder to work. It had been a throwaway comment on Will's part—a small compliment that was both followed and preceded by conversation—and he would most likely not even remember it. It was perfect.

A week later, Will came into his office distraught. The Chesapeake Ripper had struck again, but something was different, something was wrong. The victim's stomach was filled with rosemary leaves.

"But why?" Will had questioned distractedly. "Why would he stuff the victim's stomach with rosemary? It makes *no* sense!"

In short, it worked flawlessly.

Hannibal's second murder took far less cunning. In fact, Hannibal almost didn't commit it in fear that it would be too blatant to work well.

Hannibal found a Neo-Nazi not far from Baltimore and removed his brain, which he ground into a thick paste. He removed the contents of the Nazi's large intestines and replaced them

with the brain matter. He then placed the Nazi's waste into his cranial cavity and stitched the head back together.

Will came into his office for his weekly "conversation" a few days later. He had a dark air about him that Hannibal had only seen once before: when Will had discovered the identity of the Minnesota Shrike. Hannibal hoped he wasn't about to reveal that he had figured out Hannibal's puzzle; he had several more courses to serve before this meal was complete.

"The Ripper murdered again." Will's tone was unreadable.

"So I heard. A mechanic, was it not?" Hannibal replied.

"Yes. But that's irrelevant. The Ripper didn't care about that. The man—Frederick Schueller—was a Neo-Nazi."

"A Neo-Nazi? And this *is* relevant?" Hannibal queried. Watching Will work through his mental process was like seeing an intricate ballet of thought. Hannibal enjoyed their sessions in part just to watch the emotions (some of which were Will's and some were murderers') play across Will's worn, delicate features.

"Yes. It is his background that the Ripper is presenting. Schueller's Nazism affected the Ripper somehow. Perhaps he is European. Perhaps he is Jewish. Somehow, in some way, the Ripper was maltreated by the Nazi movement."

Very, very good. "And you know this how?"

Will's mouth twisted into a bitter, darkly amused grin. "The Ripper traded out his feces and brain matter. Frederick Schueller, when we found him, literally had shit for brains."

Hannibal worked hard to hide the smile that threatened to burst forth. It might have been crude, but let no one ever say that Hannibal Lecter didn't have a sense of humor.

"Well that *is* telling," Hannibal mused once he got himself under control. "So which is he? European or Jewish?"

"It's more of a gut feeling than an actual conclusion, but I would say European. If the Ripper was Jewish, he wouldn't have switched out feces and brain matter. It would have been something his family had suffered, something personal and bitter. This was a joke. Actually," Will grinned again here, "a good one, if not crude."

Hannibal warmed slightly at that, which was startling. Hannibal had not felt warmth without bloodshed in over thirty years.

"I suppose, if that is your sense of humor," he sniffed, again covering up his inner reactions. "Now, tell me, how have you been sleeping lately?"

He let Will prattle on about his insomnia while Hannibal's thoughts turned inward. He was a man above denying his nature, so he didn't bother questioning why he felt a sudden burst of affection for Will Graham. Hannibal wanted him.

As he let the knowledge settle into his bones, Hannibal began to realize just how long he had wanted Will, and how deeply. Originally, Hannibal's plan culminated in killing Will and eating that amazing brain of his with water chestnut in a white wine glaze. Now, he was rethinking his strategy.

He didn't want to kill Will, not anymore. While killing him would certainly be a treat, keeping him alive would be far better. Suddenly, unbidden, a thought raced through Hannibal's synapses: if Will was this beautiful during moments of mental anguish, just how captivating would he look while in the throes of sexual torment? He would be *breathtaking*.

Oh. Just as simmering water explodes into a rushing boil, Hannibal's mind became overrun with fantasies of sex with Will. He began to harden in his silk boxers. Will, lying on a bed with his feet propped on Hannibal's shoulders, face etched in blissful agony. Will bent over a desk, arching under him. Will, blue eyes blown with black, on his knees, face in Hannibal's lap. Oh.

"—Dr. Lecter? Are you listening to me?' Will asked, breaking through Hannibal's reverie.

"Please, call me Hannibal," he responded, smiling charmingly at the younger man. "I'm afraid I was caught up thinking about a patient of mine from years ago who had insomnia not unlike yours. It was unprofessional of me and I apologize."

"Oh," Will said, caught off-guard. "I, um. It's okay, I guess. I mean, it's not like I'm actually paying you to listen to me."

Hannibal could see the walls of insecurity tightening around Will, insecurity that he had not seen since they first met. "No," he countered, "you should not be made to feel that your troubles are not worth my time. They are very much worth it. You are very much worth it. Do not allow my moment of ineptitude to disgrace your confidence."

"Um, okay?" Will replied, pinking at the ears. "Uh, our hour is up anyway. I'll see you next week?"

"You will," Hannibal assured, standing to walk Will to the door. "And do let me know if you discover anything more about the Ripper, even if it is just a wild guess. I will do my best to assist you in any way that I can."

And really, Hannibal was really doing just about everything he could to get Will from point A to point B. It just needed time.

"Thank Dr. Lec—Hannibal," Will corrected quickly at the older man's look, "I'll let you know."

He left, leaving Hannibal with an uninterrupted hour to consider his newfound desire to see Will alive and very naked, and how that would factor into his plan. It took him the better part of his free time to develop the idea, but he knew this last murder would be his anonymity's coup de grâce.

The third murder, the dessert to his meal of crime, occurred a week and a half after Hannibal discovered his feelings for Will. It was hard to find a man in the tri-state area that fit his needs, but it was time well-spent.

The man, Michael Hardmann, had messy brown hair, stormy blue eyes, and a lean physique. His hands were callused and battered and the bags under his eyes never seemed to fully disappear.

He didn't look exactly like Will, but he was close enough that the message would ring loud and clear.

Hannibal debated for days about how best to kill Hardmann. Would he sexualize the corpse? Would he mutilate it? What would give Will the best key for his lock? By now, Will had accumulated a wealth of rooms in Hannibal's "fortress." How best would Hannibal get him there?

In the end, he picked the simplest death. He killed Michael with a single stab wound to the throat and bled him dry, then allowed for the body to evacuate all waste. He did not want Will's murder—for this truly was Will's—to be coated in piss and shame. He dressed Michael in clothes that Will would wear, then drove him to a reservoir not far from the FBI academy. He wanted the body to be fresh when they found it.

Hannibal received a call two days later. "I need to see you now," Will croaked, his voice tight with tension and despair. It was a symphony to Hannibal's ears.

"I am at my house. I will prepare tea," Hannibal replied smoothly. The line went dead. He wondered if Will had figured it out yet.

The tea had just finished steeping when a knock sounded at his door. He opened it to find Will, face torn in a mix of despair and wild curiosity. So he hadn't quite figured it out, then.

Will strode in without a word and headed to the kitchen. He drummed his fingers on the countertop, his eyes moving rapidly in thought.

"Tea?" Hannibal offered, pouring himself a cup.

"I'm so close!" Will exclaimed, running both hand through his hair in aggravation. "I know that I know who he is! It's right there beyond—ugh!"

"Walk me through what you know," Hannibal suggested calmly. "Maybe I can help." He tried to ignore how absolutely comical the situation was. He doubted Will would find it funny in the least.

"He's medically trained, although he probably hasn't practiced for a while," Will listed. "He's a psychopath, incapable of empathizing with his victims at all. He is a cannibal; killing three people without taking organs to sell is a clear indicator that he doesn't need money, so why would he sell organs in the first place? He's amazingly clever, so clever that someone like me can't root him out. He knows me—oh God, I know the Ripper?—and he knows me well

enough that he didn't disturb the corpse that is supposed to represent me. And he's European. Who do I know that's European? Like properly?"

For a smart man, Will could be thick sometimes. Hannibal made a note to work on that in the future.

"He's a doctor, he's Europe—Oh no." Will's gaze settled on Hannibal, a look of utter dread crossing his features. "Oh my God. It's not—no, it can't be, right?—you're not the Ripper, are you?"

Hannibal's silence was confirmation enough. Will's face blotched, his eyes filling with hot, angry, horrified tears. He curled into himself, crumbling onto the kitchen floor.

"You're? Jesus fucking Christ, no," Will gasped, his breath ragged. "You're the Ripper?"

"Yes," Hannibal said simply.

Will went silent for a moment, his thoughts overpowering his emotional state.

"After all this time. I came to you for guidance, I trusted you… I let you meet my dogs!" he shouted accusingly. "God, all this time. I ate dinner with you—Oh."

Will stood suddenly, running to the bathroom in the hallway and retching loudly. Hannibal waited patiently. This was going about as well as he'd expected. Hopefully Will would control himself soon enough.

When the younger man didn't return, Hannibal left to find him. He was curled up by the toilet—Hannibal wrinkled his nose at the smell—sobbing brokenly into the shower mat.

"Will, focus yourself," Hannibal ordered. He flushed the toilet and wet a washcloth, which he used to rub the vomit off of Will's lips.

"Don't touch me!" Will lashed out, thrashing his limbs toward Hannibal ineffectually. "How the FUCK could you do this, Hannibal? Seriously? You're the fucking *Chesapeake Ripper*? After all we've worked together?"

"Well, to be fair," Hannibal corrected, "I was the Ripper long before we began our conversations."

"Oh my God," Will's eyes filled with a new wave of tears, "you really are the Ripper. You kill people and eat them. You *feed them to us*. You've made cannibals of us all." He retched into the toilet again, but nothing came up. He must not have eaten recently. Hannibal would soon fix that.

"Yes, Will," Hannibal explained patiently, "I did. You never complained about my food. In fact, you've gained weight since we started our talks, weight you desperately needed. I refuse to feel guilty about ending the life of a miserable county clerk with no prospects when it helped regain your strength."

Will's blurry, darting eyes focused on him, and he blinked rapidly to clear them. "Why? Why do you care about me so much?" he demanded. "According to psychological research you shouldn't care about anyone."

"I'm aware," Hannibal admitted. "I like you, Will, when I shouldn't be able to like anyone. I am a mystery to the field of the human psyche, just as you are." His words brought on a new wrack of sobs and Hannibal felt his considerable patience waning slightly. "Will, focus, please. You know me, you have known me for months. I am the same psychiatrist that helped you overcome your obsession with Garret Jacob Hobbs. I am the man who listened to you when you had no one else to turn to. I am still Dr. Lecter."

"Know you?" Will cried. "I know nothing about you! Here I was, baring my soul to my psychologist—fucking Christ, I bared my soul to the fucking Chesapeake Ripper—and you're off thinking about which innocent life you're going to turn into soup that day!"

"I have done no such thing," Hannibal admonished. "I listened to every word you had to say. And I would never waste human meat on a soup."

Will laughed at that, and when he didn't stop laughing Hannibal realized that he was hysterical. He crouched down and soothingly rubbed the younger man's back. "Shh, Will, you must stop thinking this way. Focus on your breathing. In and out. In, out. Do not overwhelm yourself with the truth. You are Will Graham and I am Hannibal Lecter. That is what is important here. Breathe."

After a few minutes, Will calmed down. "I need to turn you in," he realized suddenly. "You've murdered countless people. I need to turn you in."

"If you believe that, yes, you do," Hannibal sighed. "But I do wish you wouldn't."

Will laughed again, this time harshly and mirthlessly. "Of course you would say that."

Hannibal frowned. "After all this time of believing that I am an enigma, and you suddenly think you have figured me out? Do not grow arrogant, Will. If you wish to turn me in, I will let you. I only ask that you sate your curiosity first. I do not want you to allow your mind to fester as it did with Garret Jacob Hobbs on the trivial questions that you never got to ask."

Will looked up, his eyes hard and clear. "I think I'll have that tea, now."

They moved back to the kitchen and Hannibal poured Will a cup of tea. It was no longer hot, but Will didn't seem to mind. He cradled the cup in his hands, gazing into the liquid as if it contained the mysteries of life itself.

"What is the first question that comes to mind?" Hannibal asked, filling his own teacup.

"Why the Nazi?" Will asked. Hannibal laughed.

"That is a long story, my dear William, one I am not sure you want to hear just now. This particular Nazi I killed because it would hint to you that I was—am—of European background."

“Wait, you killed him to give me a *hint*?” Will asked incredulously.

“Yes,” Hannibal replied. “He was the second of three murders I committed so that you may finally realize who I am.”

“The second of three?” Will echoed. “The third one was my lookalike—that was awful, let me tell you—but who was the first?”

“Mr. Louis Waltham, a salesman at a thrift shop,” Hannibal said.

“Oh my God, the *rosemary*,” Will gasped. “How could I have not seen that? The rosemary in your German ravioli things—“

“Pierogies,” Hannibal interrupted.

“—your pierogies. You stuffed him with rosemary! Of course!”

“They do say that hindsight is always 20/20,” Hannibal mused lightly.

“Oh hush,” Will responded, his eyes twinkling. It was like he had forgotten that the last hour happened. “Oh my God, you did the ‘shit for brains’ joke. That was *you*. That was good.”

“Thank you,” Hannibal smiled. “It was uncouth of me, but I had hoped you would get the joke.”

“Oh yes,” Will affirmed, delighted. “Best murder I’ve seen in a while.” The words must have reminded him that he was, in fact, discussing the brutal end of human life, because he sobered again. Damn.

“How long have you been eating people?” Will asked.

“Most of my life,” Hannibal confessed, “although the first few times it—it was not my choice.”

“How—“ Will began to ask, eyes filling with concerned curiosity.

“Like I said, a topic for another time,” Hannibal reminded him. “Next question.”

“What do you plan on doing with me, now that I know?” Will asked. For the first time all night, fear began to seep out of his pores. Hannibal was surprised to find that he didn’t like it one bit.

“Relax, Will. I did not tell you just to kill you,” Hannibal reassured him. “I had hoped that our relationship would continue to grow, just as it has been. You will act like you do not know the identity of the Chesapeake Ripper, and I will continue to kill people as necessary.”

“How do you choose who to kill?” Will asked.

“I eat the rude,” Hannibal replied, grinning slightly. Will laughed, the humor of the entire situation finally sinking it.

“Of course you do,” he finally responded. “And you insult Nazis by filling their brains with shit and you crack jokes like ‘It’s nice having a friend for dinner.’ You’re actually a funny man, Hannibal Lecter.”

Hannibal smiled broadly. “No one has ever made that particular note about my personality before, but thank you. I am happy you appreciate my brand of humor.”

“You know, you really don’t act like a psychopath,” Will commented, sipping at his cold tea.

“Make no mistake, Will Graham,” Hannibal warned, his expression turning dark. “I like you and I am choosing not to kill you because you would benefit me more alive, but do not try for a second to deny my nature. I could skin your parents tomorrow and eat them for breakfast with a gruyere quiche. The moment you begin to reject me for what I am is the moment you lose your grip on the reality of the situation.”

Will blinked for a moment, shocked into speechlessness. “Um,” he started, “yeah, okay. Right. Don’t kill my parents, please?”

“I wasn’t planning on it,” Hannibal said. “But my point still stands.”

“So you’re a psychopath. You are my psychopathic psychiatrist. How does that work, again?” Will joked lightly, trying to hide how nervous Hannibal had made him, and failing.

“Quite easily, I think you’ll find. Granted, my lifestyle was easier when I was a practicing physician, but I quite enjoy working to manipulate patients back to health.”

“Yeah, okay,” Will acquiesced, finishing his cup of tea. He offered it to Hannibal, who took it to the sink. “I’m not sure what else to ask.”

“Then I will see you Wednesday,” Hannibal offered. “If you have more questions, you can ask them then. Know that I will be truthful and forthcoming as long as you continue to trust me to be so.”

“Yeah, sure, okay,” Will agreed. It was a testament to his instability that he had forgotten about turning Hannibal in because he was too interested in the murderer to want him locked up. “See you then.”

The next few weeks were surprisingly easy. Will always had more questions, more locks to pick, and Hannibal always had the keys to opening them. Eventually, he told the story of unwillingly housing a band of Lithuanian Hilfswillige, and that they murdered his parents and beloved sister, Mischa, before they fed her to him. Will had gone quiet and left early that day, and when he came back the next week his eyes had changed, warmer now.

In return, Will opened up about himself. How he was bullied at school for being so sensitive, how he learned to hide behind rudeness to push people away before they could figure out what a freak he was.

“You are not a freak, William,” Hannibal had chastised, “and I refuse to allow you to speak that way about yourself. I would sooner cut out your tongue than allow such self-hatred from you.”

It took Will a while to realize that that was Hannibal’s sense of humor, but he quickly warmed up to it after that. They shared many a companionable evening, sipping brandy that Will would never be able to afford and cracking dark jokes about murder.

The truth was, Will was so deeply empathetic that he was one notch on the moral compass away from being a murderer himself, and he knew it. He could no more stop himself from relating to being a psychopath than Hannibal could resist being one. He admitted to Hannibal that once he had come to terms with that, he could not imagine sending Hannibal to a psychiatric ward, “because I would have to occupy the cell next to you,” he joked.

As weeks turned into months, their relationship continued to deepen. Eventually, Will realized that he spent more time at Hannibal’s house than he did at his own.

“What can I say?” Hannibal had replied. “I am a better conversationalist than your dogs.”

As deep as their relationship delved, it did not progress until one evening, when Hannibal was cooking supper and Will was trying to help, but failing as he always did. Nevertheless, Hannibal never hesitated to teach him how to do prep work. Will enjoyed it, even if his slices and dices weren’t nearly as even as Hannibal’s.

That night, Will was chopping onion. Hannibal had just shown him that if one cut thatch work into the onion, then sliced off the squares, he could chop a whole onion in less than a minute. Unfortunately, Hannibal was incredibly skilled with his knives, while Will was not.

He sliced into his finger, hissing loudly at the pain.

“What is it?” Hannibal asked, rushing over to check on the younger man’s work.

“I just cut my finger, sorry,” Will replied, sticking the finger into his mouth to suck the blood.

“Allow me,” Hannibal demanded, pulling the digit out of Will’s mouth and placing it in his own. He laved his tongue over the injured pad, wiping away the heady mix of blood and onion juice. He closed his eyes, unthinkingly sucking harder to get more of the delicious combination. He heard Will gasp softly and opened his eyes to look at him. Will’s eyes, normally a deep blue, had darkened considerably, and they were firmly staring at where his finger was still being held between Hannibal’s lips. Hannibal licked up the length of the finger in his mouth, delighting in the soft sound Will made with the tip of Hannibal’s tongue caught on the cut.

Hannibal withdrew the digit and, accent thick with lust, informed the younger man that their roast would burn if they didn’t get back to cooking. Will nodded, running to the bathroom to bandage his finger so he could continue chopping his onion.

Dinner was an exercise in restraint for both men. Will had become entranced with the way Hannibal ate, and he spent most of the meal watching him with heavy-lidded eyes. Hannibal

fared no better. It seemed that now his libido was activated, it refused to be ignored. Every action Will made, from spreading clotted cream on a roll to flicking out his tongue to catch a drop of sauce before it fell from his bite of roast, sent lightning shards of liquid heat to Hannibal's groin.

But both men did restrain themselves. Hannibal thought that perhaps they both realized how monumental such a shift in their relationship would be, and how delectable their sexual tension was. He knew it was a matter of time, but he was happy to wait as long as Will kept *getting whipped cream on his lip how was Hannibal supposed to curb his lust when Will looked so utterly fuckable?*

Perhaps he wasn't happy to wait too long.

Despite their complicated relationship in the evenings, their sessions at Hannibal's office remained conversational and light. Will would come to him with some new criminal that befuddled him, and Hannibal would offer his considerable insight. Moreover, Will began to revitalize under Hannibal's care. Apparently, all his mind needed to calm down was to understand more clearly. His hallucinations were his subconscious's way of lingering on a problem, the way mathematicians will dream about the formula they are solving or writers dream about their characters. Will just needed to talk to Hannibal, the Chesapeake Ripper, about his crimes, and his instability suddenly became less precarious. The bags under his eyes began to disappear as he made it through more and more nights without waking once.

It gave Hannibal great joy to see Will sleeping soundly. He mentioned it once during dinner.

"How would you like to sleep here tonight?" Hannibal offered.

Will looked up from his canard a l'orange (though Hannibal's recipe didn't actually use duck) in surprise. "You want to have a sleepover?" he asked bemusedly.

"Well, when you phrase it in such a childish way it seems far less appealing," Hannibal replied dryly, "but yes."

Will looked down at his plate for a moment and when he spoke, laughter colored his words. "I would love to have a sleepover with you, Hannibal Lecter."

"Alright then," Hannibal returned. "I have a guest room not far from my own that never gets used. You will be quite happy there, I believe."

They finished their dinner and went into the kitchen to prepare dessert. Will had offered to make it, much to Hannibal's amazement, and he had brought a bag of supplies with him. He pulled them out now, obviously excited, and laid them out on the countertop next to the stove. Marshmallows, bars of chocolate, and a box of graham crackers.

"What can you possibly make from this?" Hannibal questioned Will.

"Wha- what?" Will asked, the glimmer in his eyes fading marginally. "You've never heard of s'mores before?"

“S’mores? No,” Hannibal responded.

“You’ve never heard of s’mores. The Chesapeake Ripper, s’moreless. Things suddenly make a lot more sense now,” Will teased him. Hannibal raised an eyebrow.

“Unless you explain yourself soon, that will the s’moreless, *friendless* Chesapeake Ripper,” he threatened.

“Yeah, yeah,” Will waved him off. “Do you have any skewers? Like, metal ones?”

Hannibal retrieved the skewers and handed them to Will, who impaled a marshmallow onto each of them.

“Okay. Before we get to the roasting part, you want to put your s’more together. So here—” he handed Hannibal both skewers so he could open the rest of the packages. He broke two graham crackers in half and put one next to Hannibal and one by himself. Then he halved a chocolate bar and put half on one of Hannibal’s crackers and the other half on his. “See? I can do prep work,” he joked.

“Okay, this is the fun part,” he continued, turning on Hannibal’s stove. “You roast the marshmallow. Now me? I like my marshmallows burnt. That’s mostly because I don’t have the patience to roast them properly. You’ll probably want them golden brown. So what you do is you just hold your marshmallow above the fire, like this—come on, right over the fire, that’s good—and you rotate it so every part of the marshmallow gets roasted evenly. See?”

“Is this a typical dessert for you?” Hannibal asked, curious. He didn’t know much about Will’s life apart from his empathy.

“Not really, no. But it’s something I can cook, so I thought I would try it with you.”

Hannibal snorted. “I would hardly call this cooking,” he snarked, watching his marshmallow begin to swell.

“Yeah, Mr. Hotshot? Your marshmallow is burning,” Will replied, amused.

Hannibal blew out the flame hurriedly, eyeing his now charcoal black marshmallow. Most burnt sugars were bitter and unappetizing, and he wasn’t looking forward to eating this confection.

Will saw his chagrin and sighed. “Here, have mine,” he offered, holding out his golden marshmallow. “I don’t mind.”

Hannibal gratefully exchanged skewers with him. “Okay,” Will instructed, “You have to maneuver this part carefully. Watch me, then do yours. You lay your marshmallow on the chocolate like this, then you put the other graham cracker over the marshmallow and you have to pinch it kinda, like I’m doing, while you pull the skewer out. See? Otherwise you’ll just get the outer layer of marshmallow. Now you try.”

Hannibal laid his marshmallow on the chocolate, placed a cracker over it, and pinched just as Will had shown him. His skewer came out nearly clean.

“Good job!” Will praised. “It took me forever to master that.”

“You also cannot braise carrots, baste, soften butter without melting it, or use a flour sifter,” Hannibal commented, pressing down on his s’more so marshmallow oozed out the sides.

“Hey!” Will defended himself. “Rude! Here I am, sharing with you the art of s’more making, and you’re insulting me!”

Hannibal ignored him, picking up the treat and watching a droplet of melted chocolate slide over the cookie. He caught it on his finger and sucked it into his mouth. With the flavor of chocolate bursting on his tongue, he suddenly was very ready to eat his first s’more. He looked over at Will for confirmation.

Will was staring at him, marshmallow and chocolate dripping onto his hand.

“Will?” Hannibal asked. “Are you ready?”

“Hmm? Oh, yeah! Oh, shit,” Will cursed realizing he got confection all over his hand. He licked all of the sweetness off and raised his s’more in toast. Hannibal tapped the corner of his cracker to Will’s, and they dug in.

S’mores were a singularly fantastic dessert, Hannibal discovered. The crunch of the graham cracker blended with the tangy richness of the chocolate and the soft sweetness of the gooey marshmallow. It would go well with whiskey. He ate quickly to avoid getting chocolate all over himself.

“That was unlike anything I have ever tasted,” Hannibal grinned at Will, his voice thick from the richness of the treat. Will’s eyes had glazed over again, and he was staring at Hannibal’s mouth.

“You have just a bit of… chocolate. Just there,” Will murmured, wiping the chocolate away from the corner of Hannibal’s mouth with his thumb, then sucking the sugar off the digit. Hannibal watched his cheeks hollow seductively and then he was kissing Will, his lips pressing and massaging at the younger man’s, and then Will was kissing him back and he tasted like chocolate and sugar and person and, faintly, that god-awful cologne he refused to change.

It was perfect and sticky with marshmallow tar. Hannibal kissed Will until the younger man pulled back, gasping for breath.

“Didn’t you say something about a sleepover?” he asked.

The Porn

Chapter Notes

Here it is: the porn.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Didn’t you say something about a sleepover?” Will asked.

Hannibal’s eyes darkened. He flipped the stove off, tossing the sticky skewers into the sink before pushing Will against the island. He kissed him again, following the line of Will’s lips with the tip of his tongue until Will opened his mouth, meeting Hannibal’s tongue with his own. They dueled briefly, more for show than for actual competition, before Hannibal grew impatient and sucked Will’s tongue into his mouth, drawing a deep groan from the younger man.

“Upstairs,” Hannibal growled out. “Bed.”

They fumbled their way through the house, tripping over rug corners and table legs. Hannibal wasn’t sure how they survived the stairs, connected as they were, but they only had to separate once when he got his suit jacket caught on the bannister.

Hannibal threw open his bedroom door, turning to throw Will onto the bed to ravish him, but Will’s astonished eyes gave him pause.

“What is it?” Hannibal asked, looking around his room. There shouldn’t be any organs in here. Well, he did have Dr. Leary’s skull on his dresser, but that was more of a Shakespeare reference than actual appreciation of the man’s cranium.

“You sleep here?” Will ground out, his voice like honeyed gravel. The sound sent a wave of pulsing arousal down to Hannibal’s cock.

“Yes, every night,” he replied.

“Are those *silk sheets*?” Will gasped.

“Yes?” Hannibal answered, as if unsure of himself. Will knew he was a man of taste and decadence, so why was he surprised?

“God, I hoped, but… wow. That is so *fucking* hot,” Will moaned, pulling Hannibal’s head down to his lips once more. At last, Hannibal cupped under Will’s ass, hauling him up so Will had to wrap his legs around Hannibal’s hips for stability. And then their groins collided and Hannibal thanked every deity he had ever heard of that Will decided to make s’mores tonight because this was *perfect*.

Hannibal dropped Will onto the bed, watching him bounce with hooded eyes. He crawled up Will's frame, gliding his hands up his legs, over his hipbones, past his flat stomach, across his chest, and into his hair. Hannibal fused their lips together, grinding his erection down hard into Will's answering hardness. The friction was sweeter than marshmallow and richer than chocolate.

This was the real dessert.

Will tugged at Hannibal's jacket, and suddenly getting naked sounded like the best idea Hannibal had heard all day. He unbuttoned Will's plaid button-down, marveling at the expanse of pale skin and fine brown hair. Usually, when he saw a torso laid out like this, he wanted to slice it open and take out the tasty bits. Now he realized just how edible skin really was. Especially if it was Will Graham's skin.

He sucked a hickey onto Will's sternum, taking off his jacket and throwing it onto a nearby chair. He sat up, undoing his tie and unbuttoning the buttons of his shirt.

"Please," Will suggested in that broken glass voice, "allow me." He deftly began unbuttoning Hannibal's shirt, licking at the skin he exposed until he was bent nearly in half, nuzzling the line of coarse hairs leading down under Hannibal's trousers. Will yanked the shirt out from his pants and tried to pull it down Hannibal's arms. It got caught on his wrists because they'd forgotten to undo his cufflinks. Hannibal, in a fit of uncharacteristic impatience, ripped his hands through the sleeves, tearing the rich fabric so that he may be freed.

He undid the buttons on Will's wrists (no use mangling two shirts, especially when Will only wore four different shirts as it was) and pulled the shirt off the younger man and finally, magically, they were touching skin-to-skin. The heat radiating off Will scorched Hannibal as they tangled together, their need to be close overpowering their need to be naked, for the moment.

Will was thin under Hannibal's hands, despite Hannibal's best efforts to get him healthy, but it didn't matter just at this second because Will's skin was gloriously soft, matching that of the silk sheets beneath him. Hannibal understood Will's earlier sentiment: this *was* really hot.

Will's hot, greedy hands were grabbing at Hannibal's belt buckle, and one missed reach made Hannibal groan and drop his head to Will's shoulder. Eventually Will was able to manipulate the leather through the metal and then fingers were sliding just under the edge of Hannibal's pants, teasing his hips with trails of scorching sensation.

Hannibal growled and thrust up into Will's hand, sliding it deeper into his pants so it could touch him where he needed it most. Will clenched his hand into a fist that surrounded Hannibal's length and *moved* and *mein Gott* it felt like a requiem for his questionable sanity.

Wanting to reciprocate, Hannibal worked at Will's pants until he could shove them down his hips to see Will properly. He sat back, the hand slipping out from his trousers, but Hannibal couldn't be disappointed because seeing Will spread out like this was easily just as arousing. Will looked utterly debauched. His hair was even messier than usual, a veritable bird's nest lofted atop his head. His eyes were dark and half-lidded and his lips were swollen and bright

red. Images of those lips on Hannibal made the older close his eyes with the painful ecstasy the vision brought him.

Will's chest was heaving and shiny with sweat, his concave stomach housing a thick line of off-black hair leading down to Will's crotch, and then Hannibal needed to take another visual break, because Will's cock was gorgeous and all Hannibal wanted to do was suck on it until he could absorb the only essence of Will he would ever feel comfortable ingesting.

"Hannibal," Will whined, impatient. Hannibal drew his black gaze back up to Will's face, and he fixed the man with such a stare that the criminal profiler actually wriggled in sheer arousal.

Will sat up, forcing Hannibal up with him, and began working again at Hannibal's pants, this time to remove them completely. It took him a few moments, but then a lava hot mouth had descended on Hannibal's cock and every other emotion vanished. Hannibal's entire existence was focused on the tentative movements of Will's mouth, a flick of tongue at his frenulum making him shiver. Teeth lightly grazed at the underside of Hannibal's dick and he hissed lowly.

"Sorry," Will apologize quickly, moving away in embarrassment, "I've never done thi—"

"Don't you dare stop," Hannibal interrupted, his accent so thick it was almost unintelligible, dragging Will's head back down to his needy cock. "You feel so good around my cock, William, nothing you do could ever upset me, just keep going…"

Will moaned, the vibrations sending hard-wired blots of pleasure to the base of Hannibal's erection. His orgasm welled in him.

"If you don't stop now, this will be over far too soon," he lamented, pulling Will's head away from himself. It felt like losing salvation at Heaven's gate, but Hannibal knew the wait would be worth it.

He licked his way into Will's mouth, tasting himself on Will's taste buds as he yanked the younger man's jeans down and away. In an urge to bring Will the bliss he had just forsaken, he swallowed down Will's cock until his nose touched pubic bone. Hannibal pulled back, already scrounging through his muddled thoughts to figure out how to give a blowjob. He had never given one before: he was a man that satisfied his body's biological urges when necessary, and even then he did it in an efficient way.

This was neither necessary nor efficient, but Hannibal loved it anyway. Will was musky and heavy in his mouth, and Hannibal moved to lick at the head. Will gasped a broken whimper, his hands delving into Hannibal's hair and tugging ever so slightly. Like a key in his back, that tug forced Hannibal into motion, and instantly Hannibal knew exactly how to give Will a blowjob. He worked the flesh over in his mouth, tonguing the slit on every upstroke and bringing a hand up to play at Will's soft sac. Before too long Will was chanting his name, hands clenching periodically in Hannibal's hair, his body taut with his approaching climax. Hannibal swallowed him down once more and then Will was coming, hot and thick down Hannibal's throat, and the older man drank down every drop. Will's come was salty and bitter, like a bite of lamb washed down with red wine, only *better*.

Will's body went lax under Hannibal, his hands moving lazily up and down the older man's sides. "Whadder you gon' do 'bout choo?" he asked lazily.

"We're not done here yet, Will," Hannibal said matter-of-factly, leaning up over Will's head to the nightstand to grab lube. Will took advantage of the situation and began pressing hot, open-mouthed kisses down Hannibal's torso. Hannibal purposefully fumbled with the lube, keeping his body stretched for a few seconds longer for Will's ravishment.

He grabbed the lube and, with all of the self-control he could muster, dragged his body away from Will's sinful mouth. He kissed the younger man as he coated his fingers in lube, purring his approval onto Will's teeth when the younger man spread his legs without being asked.

Hannibal circled Will's opening, playing at the ring of muscle with light fingers. Will made an impatient noise and moved his body down onto Hannibal's hand.

"Naughty boy," Hannibal whispered in his ear. "You'll pay for that."

"Maybe in five years," Will retorted, "when you get around to fucking me."

Hannibal thrust one finger inside in his aroused anger, working the digit in and out before adding a second. Will moaned into his bicep, his arms thrown up about his head wantonly. He really was gorgeous.

Hannibal scissored the fingers inside Will, curving up to hit Will's prostate. Will straightened like a board, hole clenching like a vice around Hannibal's fingers (God, he would be *so tight*) as the pleasure shot through his system. Sometimes being a doctor really came in handy. Literally.

Hannibal worked another finger into Will and, at the younger man's vehement threats to get a move on, he lubed his cock and lined up at his entrance. Hannibal entered him slowly, breaching the tight ring of muscle with a small *pop* of movement. Will felt like fiery satin around him, and Hannibal had to work hard to avoid thrusting all the way into the younger man in one go.

He worked himself in and out shallowly, thrusting a little deeper on every stroke until they were finally joined, pubic bone to pubic bone. Will was biting his lip, from pleasure or pain Hannibal couldn't tell, and it was the most stunning thing he had ever seen. His orgasm rushed at him, begging to be released, but he refused to come just then. He might have passed his sexual prime, but Hannibal Lecter was not about to give up when the going got so fantastically good.

"Hannibal," Will growled threateningly, "*move*." He punctuated his command by tightening around Hannibal's cock, drawing a throaty moan from the older man. Hannibal dragged himself out, then slid his way back in. The sensations were too overwhelming to describe. All Hannibal could tell was that it was *good more take have thrust.*

He did just that. As soon as Will began moving to meet him, Hannibal started pounding into the younger man forcefully. In a moment of pure inspiration, he raised himself to his knees,

tucked Will onto his lap, propped Will's ankles up on his shoulders, and lived out the fantasy he had created all those weeks ago.

The real thing was better than he'd imagined. Will pushed down rhythmically with his feet, lifting himself up to meet Hannibal's cock. Hannibal looked down and nearly became undone at the sight of Will's hole swallowing him up just to let him back out. He leaned forward, bending Will double, to whisper in the younger man's ear.

"You have no idea what you look like, spread out under me like a gourmet feast for my taking. Your hole is magnificent, taking me, so greedy, even though you've already come. You're so fucking gorgeous like this, my precious Will, laid open for me. And you love it, my big cock ramming into you like this, don't you? You can come without me even touching you, from my cock filling your sweet, sweet body with my seed alone. Come for me, Will."

Will cried out, seizing up as he shattered. His hole tightened in waves around Hannibal, milking the older man until he orgasmed, too, his vision whiting out in euphoria. They came together, that way, Will shooting semen up their torsos as Hannibal pumped himself into the younger man's ass.

Hannibal rolled off of Will when the sensations became too much, trying not to crush the younger man, and Will whimpered at the loss. He immediately crawled towards Hannibal, tucking himself under the older man's shoulder.

Hannibal rested like that for a moment, enjoying the warm weight of Will's head on his arm, before he got up to get a washcloth from the connected bathroom. As much as he would have loved to linger on the bed, silk sheets didn't like wet spots too much.

He came back and spread Will's legs, cleaning him gently. Now that his lust goggles were off, Hannibal could appreciate just how beautiful Will really was. During the day, Will was a mess of insecurity and forced social awkwardness. Right now, however, the younger man was so vulnerable, so dependent on him, so pliant, that Hannibal found that he would sooner give up his lifestyle of self-indulgence and cannibalism than take advantage of Will when he was like this. Or, if Hannibal was being completely honest, ever. The two most unlovable men in Baltimore had found each other, and Hannibal wasn't about to let that go for anything.

He threw the washcloth in the general vicinity of his bathroom and curled himself back into Will. The younger man sleepily wrapped all of his limbs around him and kissed the side of his neck, whispering something like "g'night" into Hannibal's ear.

"Good night, my sweet Will," Hannibal murmured back, closing his eyes and looking forward to the rest of his life, now that he had someone to share it with. Just as he began drifting into that gentle blackness of sleep, an idea took him over, an idea that drew a smile from Hannibal's lips as he realized just how he would share his life with Will.

He'd start planning tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. So this one scene is half as long as the entirety of the first chapter. Either I'm a verbose smut writer, or sex is a very long process.

Keep your eyes peeled, because I doubt I'm done with this series quite yet. Hannibal and Will are an intriguing duo to write and I haven't had my fill.

Don't forget to review, especially if you find any errors!

End Notes

Some brief history, for those that may not know:

Hannibal is originally Lithuanian. Hilfswillige (voluntary assistants from Eastern Europe for Nazi Germany) took refuge in his childhood home, murdering his sister Mischa and cannibalizing her. Lecter suggests, in the books, that he most likely ate her, too.

I refuse to believe that Hannibal is a true psychopath. His psychosis develops after his family is brutalized, which does not correlate to the definition of psychopathy. In the books, he is diagnosed as a sociopath, but I couldn't bring myself to write "'I'm not a psychopath, Will,' Hannibal explained smoothly, 'I'm a high-functioning sociopath.'" Couldn't do it. Nope. So Hannibal claims that he is a psychopath, but he doesn't really act like one. There.

Please review, especially if you see any mistakes! Thanks for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!